

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Card. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a Traytor thither?

Card. Receive him,
And see him safe i' th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Sur. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'T would fall vpon our selues.

Nor. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out o' t.

Crom. My mind gaue me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell
And his Disciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Card. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thanks; that gaue vs such a Prince;
Nor onely good and wife, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

King. You were euer good at todaine Commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin, and bafe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoere thou rak'st me for; I'm sure
Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee,
By all that's holy, he had better starue,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace;

King. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deferue that Title)
This honest man, wait like a lowlie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I giue ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane,
Which ye shall neuer haue while I liue.

Cham. Thus farre.

My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it,
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.

Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now aliue may glory
In such an honour: how may I deferue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

King. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones:
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Duchesse of Norfolk, and Lady Marquesse Dorset: will
these please you?

Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.

Card. With a true heart,
And Brotherly loue I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen

Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (heares,
King. Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true
The common voyce I see is verified

Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:

Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long

To haue this young one made a Christian.

As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:

So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and
his man.

Port. You'll leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues,
leaue your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogues:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
Stauers, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
He scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Rascalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one found Cudgell of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her.

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Puppy,
keepe the dore close Sir.

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Port. What should you doe,

But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields
to muster in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the
great Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs?
Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-
gether.

Man. The Spooones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasier
by his face, for o' thy conscience twenty of the Dog-
dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-
Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberda-
shers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,
till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I
might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
her succour, which were the hope o' th' Strand where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th' broome staffe to me, I decide 'em
all, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,
deliuer'd such a shewre of Pibbles, that I was faine to
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the
Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of
'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance
these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o' th' Suburbs? We shall haue
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?

Port. And't please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all

By th' heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe fairly; or Ile finde
A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.
Port. Make way there, for the Princeesse.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake.
Port. You i' th' Chamberlet, get vp o' th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales else. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior,
Carter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshals
Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great
standing Bowles for the Christening Gists: Then foure
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutchesse of
Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in
a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes
the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La-
dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar-
ter speaks.

Gar. Heauen

From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeesse of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall vpon ye.

King. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I giue thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My Noble Gossips, y'haue bene too Prodiggall;
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me, and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth,
This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was neuer
More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,

Holy